"Mankind's malevolence may make

Much melancholy music mine: Many my motive may mistake. My modest merits much malign. "My Madeline's most mirthful rapod Much mortifies my mind's machine:

My mourntuiness magnitude Melts—makes me merry, Madeline: " Match-making ma's may machinate,

Meet, most mellifluous melody, 'Midsi Murcia's misty mounts marine, Mee. m by moonlight, marry me,

Man œu · r., g misses me misween; More money may make many mate,

My magic motto's-Madeline

Madonua mia! - Madeline!

BIRD LORE. [Harper's Weekly.] The stork has always been regarded as the

herald of spring. A very old tradition, recorded as early as the thirteenth century, states that the storks only adopt the form of birds in Europe; but in the distant countries whither they wend their way every autumn they are human beings, and merely undergo an ant ual transformation into storks on visiting nerthern climes. The Swabian peasantry say that if a stork had a tongue he would speak, and men he would betray every body's secrets, because he hears and sees every thing. However, as it is, he manages to give notice of any special occurrence by chattering with his beak. These birds protect the house from lightning, and therefore must never be dis-1 irbed.

There is a theory in North Germany and Swabia that when a nest is manufactured for ne stork, which is occasionally done by put ling up an old cart-wheel with boughs twined round the spokes, he will testify his gratitude to the owner of the house by throwing down a feather the first year, and egg the second year, and the third year a young stork. Then he recommences with the feather, and so on.

The demeasor of the stork on his first appearance is very important. Should he be chattering, the spectators will break a great deal of crockery during the ensuing twelvemonth; if silent, he will be lazy; if flying, he will be diligent. Thus say the peasants of Hanover an i Mecklenburg. In the Altmark a stork on the wing signifies to a maiden that she will soon enter the bonds of wedlock; but if stationary, she will be asked to act as a Whoever has money in his pocket on first beholding the stork will never lack during the year, nor will he suffer from tooth-

The supersition that the stork brings the children is current all over Germany. In Silesia the flight of a stork over a house denotes the speedy arrival of a baby; while in the Island of Rugen they say that unless the stork lays eggs the house will also be childless, and as the young storks thrive, so will the chil-dren. Nobody dare shoot a stork in Rugen, for then he weeps large tears, and each tear portends a great misfortune. The story is very particular about domestic peace in the dwelling where he takes up his abode, and strife soon drives him away. Swabian peasants say that when the storks assemble for the winter migration, the males and females all pair off, and should there be an old one, he or she is pecked to death by the rest. The Westphalians declare that the old storks always throw one of their brood out of the nest if the number be uneven. In Oldenburg there is a curious theory that the animumal of ings of the storks are in reality Freemasons' meetings. The pious moak Cesarius Von Heisterback remarks in an ancient chronicle. that the storks are models of conjugal fidelity, and when a female stork attempts flirtation with any other than her lawful husband she is brought before a jury of storks and if found guilty they back her to pieces with their long

In olden days, at the time when the swallows were expected, a solemn procession was formed by the whole household to the gate of the farm; then at the first glimpse of the welcome visitors the barn-door was joyfully thrown open for them. It was believed that the swal lows took a great interest in domestic affairs, and examined everything closely on their arrival. If they found untidiness and mismanagement, they sang: Boxes and chests were full when away we went.

Now we are back, they are empty; all is spent." Various ceremonies must be performed the first time of beholding a swallow. In the Neumark the person must wash his face to preserve it from sunburn during the year. In Tyrol he must stop directly and dig with his knife below his left foot; he will find a coal in the ground which will cure ague. When the swallows have been constant to one nest for seven years they leave behind them a small stone of great healing properties, especially for diseases of the eyes.

own punishment; but the penalty varies. In the Pusterthal, Swabia, and the Lechrain, the slayer will have misfortunes with his cattle for the cows will give red milk. At Nauders, in Tyrol, the criminal will lose his father or mother, and in the neighboring Telfs heavens will open, i. e., it will lighten. In the Ober Inn Valley the murderer's house will be burned down: and at Sarsans, in the Oetz Val lev, the destruction or remova, or a swallow's nest will cost the life of the best cow of the herd. The Westphalians say that the slaugh ter of a swallow causes four weeks' rain; and if they are driven away all the vegetables in the gare en will be cut off by the frost. Whoever bids farewell to the swallows at

their autumnal departure will be free from chilblair's through the winter Swallows, also, have the gift of prophecy. In some parts of Westphalia the peasants tell you to look un er your feet on the appearance of the first swallow, for if there should chance to be a hair, it will be of the same color as that of your future wife. A flight of swallows over a house in the Unter Inn Valley signifies a

The cross-bill and the robin are likewise looked on as lucky birds. Everybody knows the pretty legends concerning both birds, and how the one is supposed to have crossed his bill, and the other reddened his breast by endeavoring to pluck out the nails which fastened our Lord to the cross. In Spain a somewhat similar act of piety is attributed to the nightingale and goldfinch:

.. w hen Christ for us on Golgotha Gave up His latest breath. The nightingale and goldfinch sang The mournful song of death.'

In the Harz Mountains and the Tyrol the cross bill is highly valued, as it is believed that this bird will take to itself diseases which would otherwise befall the family. He has possessed this virtue ever since his efforts to release our Lord from the cross. The presence of a cross-bill drives away gout and rheumatism, and even the water which he drinks of in which he bathes is used as a remedy for these complaints. Moreover, the Tyrolese cross-bill counteracts witchcraft, and protects a home from evil spells and lightning.

The robin is likewise a protection against lightning, but woe betide the rash person who ventures to molest the robin or its nest. will either be struck by lightning, or, as in the Zillerthal, he will become epileptic, or, in the Ober Inn Thal, his cattle will give red milk. and even the water in his house will assume a ruddy hue. The despoiler of a robin's nest will lose as many relatives in the course of the year as the number of young birds stolen. Absam and Schwaz are the only Tyrolese exceptions to the universal estimation in which this bild is held. At Absam it is said that the nest attracts the lightning, and at Schwaz a robin flying over a house foretells a death.

Odds and Ends.

- The ancient Phoenicians believed the stomach was the seat of wisdom. That is shoulder before she was aware-and starting where David Davis got his idea of running for President. I he had lived in Phœnicia he would have been a postmaster .- [Burlington Hawkeye.

- The sermon of the best preacher in the world will not make as much impression upon a congregation as the sudden pattering of rain on the window panes of a church con-taining two hundred new spring bonnets.— [Troy Wh g.

— A little urchin being asked, "What is Rhode Island noted for?" replied, "It is the only one of the New England states which is the smallest. visitor by saying, "Let us assume that every-

- Sidney Smith once rebuked a swearing thing and everybody are damned, and proceed with our subject.

- Pomp, splendor, parade and tinsel lure the ide and enthuse the rabble, but music a. d banners have lost their charm to him who masches behind a pigeon-toed man in a procession .- [Cin. Breakfast Table.

- A door knob fitted to receive and exhibit the photograph of the head of the house has been invented. They will probably have a slow sale until families can determine who is the head of the house. - [New Haven Reg-

FLINT OF CE WAS SPONGE.—A writer it S'.

Nicho as says: "You never would think it,
would you? but I'm told that flint is nothing more no. less than sponge turned to stone. Once the see onge grew at the bottom of the sea, as sponges grow now; but that was ages and ages age, and since then the sponge turned to fint, and has lain covered by rocks and earth of many i ds piled thick above it. Seen with a microscope fint shows the make of sponge i its fiber and sometimes you can see bedded in it the hells of the tiny creatures on which the spenge has fed. Now and then inside a flint will be found bits of the sponge not yet changed. That last proof settles it; but I must say it hard to believe-hard as the flint, almost."

JOB SPINNING'S WORK.

Mrs. Job Spinning was a round, rosy, compact, hard-working little woman. Job Spinning was a meagre, pale-faced, hard-working little man. Mrs. Job was fretty, but quite good enough for this world. Job was too good for it. By heroic labor, that laid out elsewhere would have made him a general, he earned a salary so small that I won't disgrace these columns by telling it; and Mrs. Job, who was a financial genius, stretched it, and met the ends over the year; and there were three little Spinnings of that abhorred class of infants who are perbetually taking every possible disease, or being brought home with the breath and teeth knocked out of them, or failing in these, fall back on hives and sore ears; and Mrs. Job doctored and precepted these three little Spinnings, made their clothes, made her own clothes, made Job's, made everything infact, but flour, meat, coal and groceries, for which she hadn't the receipt, all in the shortest conceivable time, running the household machine with prodigious dash, energy and fric-The consequence was a pain in Mrs. Job's

back every night, and a twist in Mrs. Job's temper. Then, as Mrs Job was a heroic woman, she suffered in silence, making the tea as if she were dying, and laying the cloth as with her last grasp, harrowing Job's tender soul by the piteous spectacle.

There was also a family tradition that Mrs. Job was in feeble health, and only prevented from commencing a mysterious process called 'running down," and sinking into an early grave by unwinking watchfulness on Job's

Now Job came home from his work a tired man; a sorely tired man; turning the corner with a feeble step, and lingering heavily in his own door; but between the tradition and the piteous spectacle he found no chance to bring this tired man in and rest him, but hung him up with his coat on the hall peg, and came in a fresh, cherry, sparkling Job, to take the baby put the children to bed, and oil the weels gen erally. By nine o'clock Mrs. Job's back and temper were apt to be comfortable, and Job was dead tired. One morning Job said, as he put on his hat.

My dear. I see that you are running down again. I shall be home very early this after-This was a formula, and signified a Spinning spree; a familiar institution hugely relished in

the Spinning family, consisting of a trip across the ferry-a finer thing, properly done, than you may imagine-and a lunch of buttered crackers; therefore Mrs. Spinning hurried what she called her "busy cares" out of the way, scrubbed each little Spinning within an inch of its life, and tied her bonnet strings in a flutter, with the hand of the clock at three. for that was Job's hour on early afternoons, and Job had never disappointed Mrs. Job since their wedding day.

There is a first time appointed, however, for all that can be said and done, and on this occasion Job did disappoint his wife. He came home late and looking gloomy, and found Mrs. Job pathetic.

"I should not have cared for my own disappointment," she said. "I am used to that; but e children, poor ---

'Disappointment!" repeated Job, absently. oh yes!" and subsided again into his gloomy hinking, and that was all the explanation that Mr. Spinning ever offered for keeping his wife waiting in bonnet and shawl for two hours by the clock. He was in a frightful humor, and answered Mrs. Job, who had been teasing him lately to insure bis life, so like an ogre-or, not to be poetical, like other women's usbands when out of temper, that she dropped the subject aghast, and never dared to renew it. This was not all. On the next night he came home late again-thing unprecedented in their married annals. On the next night he was later yet! After that he was regular only

in being late. Mrs. Job was a woman of energy, also a woman of some sentiment. When husbands change morally, for the worse, she knew that ke themselves physicians to the case, and, in home reading at least, always effect a cure. Mrs. Dr. Job resolved that she would try to touch Mr. Spinning's better nature; and this is how she did it.

Job coming home, late as usual, found the cloth laid, the steak on the gridiron, the little Spinnings trying to keep their eyes open, and worrying about the room, and Mrs. Job resignedly sewing. On Job's entrance she laid aside her work with a gulp, indicative of swallowing much undigested sorrow, looked at her husband with red eyes and nose and a watery smile, and set about the supper as one ubly enfeebled by the pangs of sorrow and hunger, but resolved to bear all meekly without complaint.

In fact, rousing from his haggard stupor, Job did ask, with something of the old inter-'Was anything the matter?" Mrs. Job set her lips. It would take a week to tell in order ail that she thought was the matter: and then with a second edition of the watery smile. 'No, nothing," says the little woman, sighing, and with the look of one who is telling a noble Job rose abruptly and went into the adjoining bedroom. 'The brute!" she said to herself; "but I'll

show him whether I am to be trampled on or No talk now of appealing to his best r feelings. The natural woman was in such a rage that she could not listen to Mrs. Dr. Job, unless that eminent practitioner should suggest some of the sterner modes of treatment. Keep his supper for him indeed! home on the following evening Job found Mrs Job grimly sewing, and the room wearing that put-away-for-the night appearance so peculiary aggravating to hungry and tired folks. Isn't it late?" ask d Job, glancing at the

clock, wi h ome dismay. "We have had our supper, if that is what you man," says Mrs. Job, suddenly facing nim, "hours ago? But there is bread in t e partry, if you want it;" still with her eyes on him, and bristling for batile. But Job did not take up the gage, but looked at her with a tender, sorrowful, pitying gaze, and, sighing, went and found his crust and ate it without a word. When a physician finds a patient getting beyond his skill he calls in a brother practiioner; and Mrs. Dr. Job, thinking the moral symptoms of her patient more and more puzng, laid the case before Mary Elien. Mary Ellen was Mrs. Job's sister, lived in

the lower half of the house, and never had believed in Job Spinning. 'There is a woman in the case," nounced Mary Ellen portentously.

Mrs. Job fired. "Mary Ellen, I don't beieve it! Job Spinning isn't that man!" Mary Ellen smiled superior.

"Men are men, and not women, Jane, and facts are facts; and if Job don t spend his time here, he does somewhere else. May be Job is all right, and I don't say he ain't; but the first question I always ask about husbands is, what do they do with their time and their money? and then I judge according. "There's different ways of putting facts, said Mrs. Job, much wilted, but still vaguely convinced of the monstrosity of Mary Ellen' conclusions when applied to Job; "and we all know you always were jealous about Job"-

that slipped off her tongue without intending-"and I don't believe it, Mary Ellen, say None so blind as them that won't see; and for jealous," cried Mary Ellen, very red, "I must first see something to be jealous of-not to say that you needn't be mad at me, Jane, as I ain't the woman he's after any how. "I call that low," observed Mrs. Job, hastily picking up her work-basket and retiring with much dignity. Not for worlds would she have cried before Mary Ellen; but sitting by her own fire she could do what she pleasedand then, her hysterical passion over, she

still sat, watching the fire gleam on the wall: and in the silence, broken only by the falling of a coal, or the measured ticking of the clock. came back to her a bright morning in their wedded lives when Job had brought home that very clock and set it up on the shelf, telling her it would say, as long as it could tick. faithful for ever; faithful for ever! and Mrs. Job said to herself that the clock had ticked out many an hour that found her fretful, but never one that did not find him patient; and minutes enough in which she had been selfish. but never one where he was not self-denying and what was the use of his faithfulness. Mrs. Job started and gave a little scream-Job, coming in softly, had touched her on the

What, crying?" asked Joo in a troubled way.
"No, not crying," returned Mrs. Job, glow-recollections and Mary ing between her recollections and Mary Ellen's spur and a new resolve; "or, if I was, it was for myself, not because of you, Job; for I believe you are right, Job, though it all seems so, strange, because it is you; and I love you, Job, and I am going to trust you till you speak out of yourself and tell me what it is between us!" s between us!" crying heartily as she talked

she faced him, hesitating and flushed

and with her arms about his neck. "Between us! over us!" muttered Job; and then a sudden and awful paleness fell upon him—you could not say he turned pale, he was so pale already. And with the pitying, tender, woeful look that she had seen on his face before. "Poor little woman! poor Jane!" he said, stroking her hair that was still soft and bright; "poor dear!" and that was all. His manner was very tender, and from that night he softened into many of his old ways;

but that was all. The days went on into months, and one morning Job proposed a spinning spree. He had not spoken the word before since that day that had changed him in such mysterious

"We shall take the steam cars," said Job. At once the small pinnings were clamorous, bu. Mrs. Job was silent. Her heart beat fast to the thought that to-day Job would speak out. She never thought where she was going orly when would Job speak out. The iron horse picked them up at one depot, and trudged sturdily off with them to another—a raw little station, where Mrs. Job looked about her bewildered "I have a friend who has a house here,"

said Job, giving her his arm; and she noticed that his breath came short and his steps were "He is going to speak, I know," she said to The friend's nouse was a charming house,

with a yard at the back and in the front, and

oddly enough, the key of the front door in pocket, who entered without ceremony. Mrs. Job entered, and, looking about her, grew red and pale by turns.

There are large rooms above, said Job. watching her. 'It's our very house," burst out Mrs. Job. 'that we've planned a hundred times; and the carpet I was always coveting, Job," catching him by the arm, "whose house is this?"
"It belongs to a bad man," answered Job,
"who never told his wife that his salary was raised six hundred and fifty dollars; and when she had been pinched on fourteen dollars a week made her do with eleven in-

"Job!" cried his wife. "Being so bad," continued Job, "he took to bad habits, too, and never came home till nine, and ten-"Doing overwork," bursts in Mrs. Job. who

"The deeds are made out clear in your name," said Job. "You will find them in my coat. They can't take it from you, dear.' My name-take it from me!" repeated Mrs. Job, utterly bewildered. "I have had pleasure in every nail I drove and plank I laid," continued Job, "because it will be my work over and around you, and it will keep me in your mind. "And you never told me," moaned his wife, kneeling beside him with tears and sobs. "To break your heart twice, dear!" mur-mured Job.—[Phila. Weekly Iiem.

Home Topics. By "Faith Rochester," in Amer. Agriculturist. COMBINATIONS OF FLAVORS. A friend who has availed herself of unusual facilities for studying French cookery, has given me some of the results of her inquiries and experiments. In Professor Blot's book we were told to use a "sprig" of this and a "pinch" of that, with an indefiniteness quite puzzling to the inexperienced. I have seen recipes for flavoring, which were poor guides for beginners, or indeed for most housekeepers, because the proportions were all given in ounces and fractions of an ounce. One wishing to follow them, and having no scales, might possibly buy the exact quantities separately and mix them afterwards. But my friend has it all reduced to teaspoonfuls and tablespoonfuls, of the medium size, and made just level full. She says her preparations are those recommended by the most celebrated French cooks, only they give them by weight, and she has made them easier for our use by reducing them to level spoonfuls. A larger or smaller amount may be made at one time by doubling or halving the proportions. Perhaps it is best to begin with a small

quantity. The American Agriculturist gave, a while ago, directions for drying and preserving various sweet herbs, as powders, kept covered in bottles or cans. Powdered herbs and ground spices are those used in these flavoring combinations, and after mixing, they should be kept from the air in the same manner. They are used in soups, stews, hashes,

Four tablespoonfuls each of Parsley, Sweet Marjoram, Winter Savory, Demon Thyme, Sweet Basil; all dried and rubbed to a coarse powder: also one tablespoonful each of Thyme, and Bay Leaf; one teaspoonful, each, of Marjoram and Rosemary. FLAVORING FOR MEAT HASH AND FORCE MEAT. One tablespoonful each of Black Pepper. Cayenne Pepper; two tablespoonfuls each of

loves, and of Nutmeg. Keep this mixture dry and closed from the air. In using it, take about the proportion of one part of this flavor. ing mixture to four parts of Salt-a tablespoon ful of the spiced salt for each pound of chopped meat. KEEPING MEAT IN HOT WEATHER.

Great is the convenience of a good refrigerator! But many of us, who live in the country, have to get along without such a convenience Farmers' families, who often depend upon the butcher's meat-cart for supplies of fresh waste that comes of getting more beef or mut. ton on hand than they can conveniently use up before it becames tainted. The most foolish waste, is to eat more of it than you need with the idea of "saving it;" the doctor's bill that may result from over-loading the digestive organs is not so good a show of economy as the fresh eggs you might coax from the hens by feeding them any excess of meat. The meat should first be wiped clean and dry. Some sprinkle it well in all parts with salt Others use black pepper plentifully (washing and wiping it well before using it to remove the pepper or salt), and then hang it in the coolest place possible—some in the well, others in a cellar. Perhaps the best precaution is to wrap it in a dry cloth, and cover it with charcoal-dust. Some say that wood ashes will answer about as well as charcoal. but I only knew the virtues of charcoal will even remove a slight degree of taint. I am told that mutton is improved, as well as preserved, for a short time, by wrapping it in a cloth wet with vinegar, and laying it on the bottom of a dry cellar. All kinds of meat, including fish and fowl, may be preserved in

brine for a longer or shorter time. GINGER-SNAPS Boil together one pint of Molasses (Sorghum is excellent for this), one teacup of Shortening (some consider Beef Suet the "snap-piest"), a pinch of salt, a tablespoonful of ginger. Let it really boil for about two minutes, then set aside to cool. When cool, add two level teaspoonfuls of Soda, and beat all together thoroughly. Add four to make a dough as soft as you can roll out very thin. Cu into shapes, and bake in an oven not too

hot, as they scorch very easily. CARE OF CHILDREN'S FEET. I sympathize much with country-bred child ren in their scorn of the notions of city-bred children about going bare-foot in warm summer weather. "It will make the feet grow large!" Thus the little feet, that ought to grow in proportion as the rest of the body grows, are kept in shoes that fit as snugly as possible, hence when the body reaches maturity it is really deformed, because the little feet dressed in "number two," are not pro portio ed to the figure of medium hight and more so. The use of light corsets is on the same principle of false art. So is the flat-board used by the "Flat-head" Indians to 'improve" the natural shape of the head. I am making no plea now for undressed feet but I would protest against tight shoes for anybody-least of all for growing children. I know of children who have corns on their feet in consequence of this abuse. Children should not wear shoes that hurt them. A little girl, who tarns in her toes when walking acquired the habit by wearing, when three years old, a shoe that so hurt her that she could only walk easily by turning in her toes. Corns on the bottom of the feet are often caused by shoes with obtruding pegs, or hard bunches in the thread or leather, which press into the sole of the floot.

HINTS ABOUT WATER .- No water that has stood in open vessels during the night should be used for drinking or cooking. By exposure to the air it has lost its "aeration," and has absorbed many of the dust-germs floating in the apartment. If convenience requires water to be kept in vessels several hours before use, it should be covered, unless the vessels are tight, Wherever practical, all distributing reservoirs should be covered. Filtering always adds to the purity of water. Drinking water should not be taken from lakes or rivers on a low level. Surface water or water in lakes, pools or rivers which receive the surface wash, should be avoided as much as possible. Do not drink much water at a time. More than two tumblers full should not be taken at a meal. Do not drink between meals unless to quench thirst, as excess of water weakens the gastric juice and overworks the kidneys. Excessive potations, whether of water or other fluid, relax the stomach, impair its secretions and paralize its movements. By drinking little at a time the injury is avoided.

A DESERTED House near Haverhill, Mass. has a singu'ar history. Twelve years ago an energetic young mechanic was engaged to marry a young woman of that city, and worked hard to lay up money enough to buy a home to which to take his bride. One morning he invited her to drive, and halted at last in front of handsome brick house in the suburbs. He took her in, showed her that it was nicely furnished, and at last told her that he was the owner. To her inquiry as to how he obtained it, he admitted that he had been fortunate enough to buy a lottery ticket which had drawn a prize of \$20,000. She was a girl of strict principles, and declared she would never marry him until he gave back the money, and on his refusing, left him forever, and the house

still stands tenantless. TROUBLE IN THE FAMILY.—They were in the parlor together. The light had gone out and they stood at the window in the radiance of the moon. He had his arm about her and was looking dreamily at the queen of night. Softly he spoke: "Darling, I am thinking how happly we will be in our home when we are married. Is shall

be a pretty home and you shall be its dear little mistress. We will have a little parlor and a little dining-room and a little kitchen for you to manage. We shall be there all by ourselves and we shall be so happy, darling."

"Oh, Henry," she despondently uttered, "I thought we were going to board." thought we were going to board."

There were tears in her eyes for him to kiss away, but he let her remove them with what

facilities she could command .- [Danbury

GONE TO MEET THE ANGELS.-We hate to have a lawyer die. Not that we think any more of lawyers than we do of any other class more of lawyers than we do of any other class of people, but we know there has got to be a "meeting of the bar," and resolutions are going to be drawn up (they ought to be drawn up, clear out of sight, and left there), and speeches made eulogizing the deceased, principally by rival attorneys, who hated him like sin when he was alive, and who were never known to say anything good of him until he was laid away under the sod. Then these resolutions and speeches must be printed in all the daily papers, and the community discovers, when too late, what a jewel they have had among them.—[Cincinnati Saturday Night. HIGH PLAY IN PARIS.

Paris Correspondence Wilkes' Spirit. 1

Proceedings have been very lively of late at the principal Paris clubs. Winter is generally the season when the play runs highest, but this year very heavy gaming is still going on chiefly at the recently founded Cercle de la Presse, in Lepelletier. The rooms of this new club are spacious, and splendidly furnished and decorated, and it has become one of the most fashionable houses of Paris. It was opened a few months ago, ostensibly as a house of call for the pressmen, and among its members are all the well-known journalists; but now nothing but baccaret goes on here, and the heaviest gamblers of the city meet there every afternoon. Often, in the hour just before dinner, a hundred thousand francs and more change hands, and in the evening play is resumed and kept up until broad daylight. It s a most surprising thing that in a town like Paris, where private play is surveyed by the police with such a jealous eye, establishments like the Cercle de la Presse should be allowed to flourish unmolested. The gambling clubs of Paris are little more than public hells, for almost any one of medium standing can obtain entrance to the most high-toned, and those of the lower calibre are the rendezvous of sharpers and blacklegs. The French authorities have never entertained the oft-mooted project of founding roulette and trente-etquarante rooms, and their determined principies in this respect are in contrast with the laxity manifested in the matter of the clubs. state itself does not profit very largely by the baccarat houses, which only pay a certain annual due, and are, of course, the largest consumers of cards, which are the objects of a heavy tax. Certainly public roulette and trenteet-quarante rooms would be a source of great revenue to the city, and it seems strange that one class of hell being tolerated, the other should not be countenanced as well Any one wishing to realize what a hold gambling has taken upon the French should ook in at the Cercle de la Presse toward six o'clock in the evening, an hour before dinner, when the carriages are returning from the Bois, and the absinthe-sippers at the Boulevard cafes are moving away. The baccara' room of the fashionable club is crowded, and he table is covered with counters, of value varying between a louis and a thousand francs, which every minute change hands. It is curious to observe the dexterity of the croupier, who, armed with a long lathe, sits opposite the banker, to sweep in or pay out, according to the coup, with one stroke of his 'flapper," as a young American friend of mine rather aptly denominated the instrument the other day, he carelessly passes the high-priced checks about, never making the slightest mistake, however, and always right in his lightning calculations. The croupiers are the men who, apart of course from the proprietors of the gambling clubs, realize the largest profits by the game. They have many ways of making money. In the first place, any one having had a lucky bank or two will generilly toss them over a bonus of a few louis. Then, again, the unfortunates who get "dead roke" during the game, and, like all cardplayers devoured by the hideous fever of gamling, would sell their souls for more money to lose, are always glad to negotiate loans at a most lucrative rate of interest. A little episode which I witnessed a few days ago at one of the boulevard clubs will give an idea of the facility with which the roupiers amass coin. One of the heaviest players of the house had brought a large sum, twenty or thirty thousand francs, with him. and had lost it in a few banks. He borrowed five thousand more from "Theodore," who is always similarly obliging to persons he can trust, and tried his luck again. It is a supertition with some gamblers that lent money brings luck, and in this case the adage turned out to be true. The 5,000 francs were soon multiplied ten-fold. The negotiator of the loan was so delighted with this unexpected turn of fortune that in restituting Theodore his funds he presented him with a present of ten louis. Two hundred francs interest for 5,000 during an hour is a lucrative operation if frequently undertaken, and as early every day in the week the croupiers in the principal clubs do such little strokes of business, it will easily be seen that at the end of the year their profits amount to a very high figure. The frequenters of clubs are always amused to see croupiers turn out at the races on Sundays in dazzling array, and bet their 'ponies" and "fillies" with the best. The life of these worthies is a very fatiguing one, for they rarely are able to knock off before the small hours of morning, and very often are still monotonously drawling, "Faites votre

who has gone the round of these establishments, short of being an inveterate gambler himself, can not help regretting that they should be allowed to flourish and afford facili ties for ruin to thousands of people who would otherwise have kept clear of gambling. carat is such a terribly fascinating game that, once one has fallen under its charm, the odds are that he will remain a slave to it thereafter. There are thousands of men in Paris, men of moderate incomes and medium standing in society (not to mention the members of the upper ten thousand who have a fatal passion for he game), who waste their means and their lives at the board of green cloth. They all see and know how strongly the chances are against their winning, and yet they are constantly led along by the hope of striking some great coup. Dozens of stories circulate among habitues of the clubs of great gains made under peculiar circumstances. All the baccarat players in Paris are talking of a case in point which lately occurred. Some six months ago one of the most destitute of the many poverty stricken players who, after having lost all they could get at baccarat, still carry every louis they can raise to the table, happened to have a run of extraordinary luck one night, winning with fifty francs more than 1,500. The following day, of couse, he resumed lay on a larger scale than before, and instead of losing back his gains, as is the case nine times out of ten, fortune re mained with him, and he won a large sum. He then launched out into heavy play, and for mouths was constantly lucky, playing an immense game, and never meeting with any re-The shabby, dissolute lounger is now transformed into a man of pleasure and fashion; his turnout is one of the handsomest at the Bois, and it is said that during the last six months his winnings have amounted clo e on a million francs. Now would be the time er this wonderfully fortunate gambler to withdraw from play with his large gains; but baccarat has, of course, become such a necessity to him that until his dying day nothing but an accident will keep him twenty four hours away from the green cloth. There are a good many other instances cited in the Paris clubs of men who from very small beginnings have found themselves possessed of large gains; but few of these men escape such reverses as those which have overtaken the celebrated journalst, Albert Wolff, who, a year ago, could claim to have won 300,000 francs at baccarat, and now has not only lost back every thing he had, but has greatly compromised his brilliant prospects on the press by his fearful passion for

ieu, messieurs, riens ne va plus," and manipu-

lating their "flapper" with the usual dexterity,

at nine or ten o'clock the next day; so they

The Paris clubs are a world in themselves,

and a very curious one, too, though any one

really work very hard for their gains.

gaming. On the whole, the more one sees of paccarat, the more thoroughly one becomes persuaded that it will be a fortunate day for French nation when a game having such disastrous effects is abolished. The chief reason why gambling clubs are so numerous in Paris is, of course, the large profits which are to be made by the owners of the concern. However, the proprietors of a baccarat club have no interest whatever in interfering with the course of the game. source of their revenue is the 2 per cent, due, paid by every player taking a bank. In the principal clubs the banks are rarely less than hundred louis; and in the course of a day and a night's play certainly thirty banks are dealt. Consequently the daily receipts vary between two and three thousand francs, which swells into a very large yearly income. The percentage for the bank is a very onerous charge, which deprives the dealer of a great part of his advantages. During a long sitting no one realizes how considerable a sum is absorbed by the house, unless in such a case as having held the bank all evening, perceived he was precisely fifty louis loser, whereas not one of the punters had one. From curiosity the matter was looked into, and it was found that the dues had swallowed up the exact amount lost by the banker.

OUT OF THE JURISDICTION .- A good story is told of a Vermont ex-judge and ex-member of Congress. The latter held court in Essex county, when a long-standing case in which an especially sharp lawyer had been engaged was heard. The judge ruled the law points against the lawyer in question, and he lost the case. After tea the counsellor, who was stayng at the same inn in Guildhall with the udge, approached the latter and invited him to take a drive, and the judge accepted. A few minutes behind a good trotter took them over the line into New Hampshire, when the attorney turned to his companion and said: Judge, I presume, now we are in New Hampshire, we are peers?" The court assented. "Well," rejoined the lawyer, "you blank old fool, how came you to decide that case again t me?" and expending a part of his temper upon the innocent animal that drew the carriage, he sped away from the line of Vermont, increasing his vituperation with the distance creasing his vituperation with the distance from the judge's jurisdiction. Finally, exhausted, he turned his horse and drove buck to Guildhall. As the horse's hoofs sounded in the bridge which brought the riders again in the Green Mountain state, the now serene lawyer gracefully raised his hat and said: "Judge, we have had a very pleasant ride together. I am greatly obliged for your company, and hope at some future occasion to have the honor of a drive with you again."

RELIGION is the tie that connects man with his Creator, and holds him to his throne. If that tie is sundered or broken, he floats away a worthless atom in the universe, its proper attractions all gone, its destiny thwarted, and its whole future nothing but darkness, desolation and death.—[Daniel Webster.

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Next to piracy and fighting the Indians there is nothing so dear to the juvenile heart as traps. From the mouse-trap up to the elephant pit there is no form of trap of which the small boy does not read with interest and with a desire to practically test its efficiency. Especially is he fond of those traps which catch their game alive, and which are not limited as are mouse-traps or rat-traps, to the capture of one particular class of animals. The large "figure 4 trap," which, when properly made, catches so many different kinds of beasts, is immensely popular in juvenile circles, and there is scarcely a boy living outside of crowled cities who has not made traps of this particular pattern, and set them with more or less success. One of the leading boys of our country in this line of industry is Master Samuel Sloane, of Clinton, Ill. He has made traps without number, and has caught specimens of every kind of small game to be found in the neighborhood of Clinton, including three babies under two years of age, and small pigs and dogs without number. So great is his fondness for traps that he neglects his studies and fails to carry in the wood and to go for the cows with anything like regularity. It was with the view of leading his mind away from the excursive contemplation of

traps that Master Sloane's father recently gave him a book of travels in Central Africa, and directed him to read it carefully. The boy did so, but unfortunately the book treated quite extensively of the Central African methods of trapping game. Master Sloane thus learned that when a native King wishes to capture a young lion or a good-sized anteope he constructs a slip-noose of thongs and attaches it to the top of a stout sapling, which is bent down and temporarily fastened to the ground. When the antelope, or other animal to that effect, tangles his foot in the noose the sapting is released, and, springing back to its original position jerks the game into the air, and keeps it hanging there until the native King comes along, chops down the sapling, and knocks the game on the head. This description was read by Master Sloane with great admiration. In fact it was the only part of the book which he did read. When he told his father that the book was "just bully" the pleased but deceived parent fancied that his son's dormant taste for reading was at last awakened, and congratulated him thereupon. A few weeks later he had reason to wish that he had never heard of Central Africa and that the native Kings, with their diabolical inventions, had never been born.

Of course, Master Sloane determined to try the Central Africa trip without delay. There was a beautiful, shady road near the village, which was bordered with any quantity of stout saplings. It was just the place for a Central Africa trap, and Master Sloane had high hopes that he would succeed in catching a cow or a horse, al hough, of course, he could not expect anything so completely satisfactory as a ion, tiger or antelope. Late one afternoon he borrowed a hoisting tackle from the nearest grocer, under the pretext that his father needed it for some intricate and unintelligible purpose, and succeeded with its aid in bending down a sapling of great strength and elasticity. It was a very simple matter to arrange the noose and set the trap, after which the ingenious boy went home to dream of finding a pair of horses and a carriage swinging in the air on the following morning.

Master Sloane had a sister, a young lady of great worth and of very decided character. Other girls, who were envious of her beauty, said she was an ill-tempered, red-haired thing. but this was probably mere calumny. At all events, so thought the young minister, who was settled over the Seventeenth Congregational church, and who was generally believed to be Miss Sloane's accepted lover. That he went to see Miss Sloane on the very evening when the reckless boy set his Central Africa trap was not strange, for he usually spent three or four evenings every week at the Sloane mansion, but it was a coincidence that on that precise evening he proposed a walk, and led Miss Sloane toward the iden ical lane where the trap was waiting for victims.

How it happened that neither the young minister nor Miss Sloane noticed the bent sapling or the rope, no one can understand, unless they were so deeply engaged in the discussion of theological questions that they were oblivious to all earthly things. Still more difficult i it to comprehend how they could both have stepped within the noose, which was spread out in the form of a circle not more than a foot in diameter. It is possible, however, that the lady was reading a hymn book and that her companion had approached extremely close to her in order to see if the hymn was correctly printed. However this may be, the fact remains that Miss Sloane's left foot and the minister's right foot were just within the noose when the trap sprung, and the elastic sapling suddenly lifted them twenty feet into the air, where they remained hanging like two cherries in a rough storm, and expressing in lively tones their suspicion that something unusual had happened.

Half an hour later the Clinton and Holmes ville stage passed that way, and the driver and his passengers were astonished beyond measnre. For some time it was supposed that some new and curiously-complicated animal, consisting chiefly of zebra and black panther, was swinging from the top of the sapling; but just as one of the passengers was about to fire at it the driver recognized the minister, though he was not able to recognize his fellow-prisoner. The latter's voice was somewhat muffled, but she was distinctly heard to revile the minister, and to assert that she never would forgive him, no matter how he might try to excuse himself. Six strong men finally bent down the sapling, released the victims, and with rare delicacy assigned the duty of recognizing Miss Sloane to the two ladies who were in the stage. Fortunately, neither of Master Sloane's victims were seriously injured, and they both were able to walk home on opposite sides of

the street. The results of this affair were numerous. Miss Sloane left town the next day on a visit to the East, and has not since returned. The minister was tried for indiscreetly hanging from the tops of trees with young ladies, and thereby bringing reproach upon his profession, but was acquitted by a close vote. As for Master Sloane, it is believed and hoped that his father has killed him. At any rate, he has not been seen, and the rumor that he has been sent to the House of Refuge in Chi cago is not generally believed .- [N. Y. Times

The American Display. Our own people have made much progress la terly; and such marvels as the telephone, e phonograph, the electric pen, the harmonic t legraphy, the type-writer, the cash-recorder, the time-lock, the air-brake, the scroll-saw, the Herring safe, the adjustable scale, gather crowds about them. The gentle exhibitor has forgotten or overlooked, as usual, the real manner of caring for his interests. Very few articles in the American section have any labels in French upon them-a grave errorinasmuch as even those people who read or speak a little English cannot be expected to comprehend all the colloquial eccentricities of mechanics, or to catch at technical expressions in a foreign tongue. I was not a little amused, a day or two since, at the conversation between a group gentlemen farmers, who appeared to Austrians, and an elderly American presiding over the destinies of a pyramidal display of canned fruit. "How fine!" said the Austrians, addressing our compatriot in French; "are these fair samples of the sizes of those fruits in the United States?" The old gentleman looked at them with an air of intense commiseration, then, assuming a gaze of sternness, he shouted out "Pheladelfy! I beg your pardon? what did you observe, remarked one of the Austrians, blandly. "Yis, they be frum Pheladelfy, too," shouted the American; "come frum there, all of 'em, 'n wuz picked close by there, too!" After inquiring vainly of each other what he had said hey concluded that he was angry because they were blocking up the passage way, and moved on. A little translation and printing would prevent such adventures.

Much still remains to be done in our agricultural department, and in the too small but neatly arranged space allotted to Mr. Philbrick for his educational display. Switzerland, Belgium, France, Sweden, Italy and Japan have made very elaborate displays of their school one which occurred a few nights since at a Boulevard club, when one of the players, after systems; but the United States will maintain the high rank on this ground which it has always held in previous international encounters. In the group devoted to drawings by pupils competent critics think that the English contributions rank first. Jules Richard says that they are infinitely better than the French, and he ascribes it to the larger liberty allowed in England for choice of subjects. The Japanese schools have furnished some exquisite specimens of skill in design, and Austria and Hungary are by no means to be criticised for lack of progress .- [Paris Cor. N. Y. Post.

AN UNJUSTIFIABLE ASSAULT.-Miss Kellogg says newspaper men are just like lemons-fit only to be squeezed as much as possible, then only to be squeezed as much as possible, then tossed aside. You just keep your distance, Clara Kellogg. Police! Police.—Buffalo Express. Fire! Thieves! Murder!—New York Commercial. Quit! He, he, he, ho, ho! Git out!—Boston Globe. Ah! Oh! Have done now, Clara Louise. We had no idea you were so strong in the arms: go way! you've tumb. so strong in the arms; go way! you've tumb-led our necktie terribly; besides, our wife is coming.—Boston Commercial Bulletin. Well, then, only one, now; sh-h—there, dog gone it al!, Clara, you've waked the baby!—Hawkeye.

Now WIELD the girls the mallet-sticks
With strange infatuation;
And meanwhile play fantastic tricks
With loudest cachinnation:
Their mallets swing the game to win,
Regardless of the friction;
Till suddenly one strikes a shin,
And though she struggles hard to grin,
She shrieks her mallet-diction.
[Hackensack Republican.

A NUMBER OF WRITERS are claiming tha heaven will contain more than two-thirds women. If they wrangle up there as much as they do in getting up church entertainments on earth, the few males will have a nice time of it .- [Turner's Falls Reporter.

Did you ever notice how surprised you were when you put your foot on the next stair and found there wasn't any?

A FEW GREAT TRUTHS.

"Farly to bed and early to rise
Makes a man boast in a way we despise."

The sire was disappointed, His hopes—his fondiy-fed desires—

Were cruelly disjointed,

Brought increase to the nation. It not a jot contributed Unto the pop-elation.

The boy stood on the burning deck Whence all but him had fled; "Because if I should sit me down I'd burn my pants," he said. Yonker's Gazette.

To Suppress Running Weeds. A gentleman whose door-yard had become in ested with the running plant commonly known as "moneywort," and to botanists as Lusimachia nummularia, remarked to us "I would gladly give two hundred dollars to be rid of that weed, for it is driving the grass from the lawn, and I cannot kill it. Hoeing it up only increases the growth." Another owner of a handsome residence said that one of the worst weeds he met with was the Vinca minor or periwinkle, often called myrtle, which gradually spread over his grounds without his being able to check it. These are both running plants, which root freely from their pros trate stems, and thus the whole surface is gradually covered by them, to the exclusion of grass and everything else. The owners have asked us for a remedy, and we propose therefore to give a few general and particular di rections, applicable to these and all other weeds of a similar character.

All plants are killed if excluded during their growing season from air and light With nearly all, a few months are sufficient If kept constantly buried they are effectually destroyed in one season. But most people do the work at the halves; they are kept well under most of the time, but occasionally allowed to peep above ground, take breath, and start off again with vigor. A very few small leaves are sufficient to send new life down through all the roots. This was the reason the gentleman above-mentioned did not kill his patch of moneywort by hoeing. This is the leason that so many fail in attempting to destroy patches of Canada thistle, snapdragon and quick grass. The plants are allowed to repeatedly recover what they have lost. Canada thistles turned under deeply with the plow, by the 1st of June or sooner, and afterwards often enough to prevent a single green point from coming to the surface, will be forever and effectually killed by the 1st of October, as we have satisfactorily proved on more than one occasion. We have seen farmers attempt the same treatment on quack grass, but they entirely failed for want of thorough work. But those who have taken hold of this weed and kept it always under have succeeded wi hout difficulty, of which some interesting instances might be cited.

But in established lawns and door-yards the plow and harrow cannot be introduced. The work must be done by hand. The owner of a lawn wishes advice how to treat a patch of an inveterate running weed which has taken possession of a portion of his handsome grounds. Probably the easiest way would be to trench under the whole, so as to throw all the plants, with every portion of their roots, deeply under the soil, and then turf the surface. It will of course be absolutely necessary not to allow a single fragment of the weed to escape, or else the trouble will soon be as bad as ever. If the roots run too deep to be thoroughly treated in his way, a few inches of the surface may be emoved and carted to some place where no harm can be done, and then the whole surface effectually covered with tarred felt, such as outlders use. The tar will prevent the weeds from pushing through. Then over this a coat of earth and a covering of turf may be laid It may be that some kind of coarse paper or pasteboard, not tarred, might be used in suffici nt layers to exclude the passage of the plants, and to rot by the second year and prevent the drouth which would occur with an surface.

In the early part of the present century, when the Canada thistle was spreading into some of the states where it was unknown before, it excited great alarm, and land-owners very properly attempted to extirpate it before it obtained large possession of their farms. They began by digging it up. But this process only cut the roots into pieces, each of which sent up a new plant. Others resorted to plow ing, with similar want of success. It was dis covered that the roots ran down into the sub soil, in some instances several feet, and attempts were made, with incredible labor, to dig down and follow every root. But some were broken off and left behind, and the result was failure. It would have been immeasurably easier, and at the same time effectual, if the weed had been smothered at the surface. Plowing under is better than attempting to destroy them with the hoe, because when turned in deeply, some weeks are required to reach the surface, and if the plowing is repeated in time, they are kept continually smothered. With the hoe, the surface only is reached, and the plants cut off to-day may be again above ground to-morrow, and no progress at all made in killing them. We have never found any difficulty in destroying completelly in one season, at a moderate cost, any patches or whole fields of these or other run ning weeds, provided thework was thoroughly performed.-[Country Gentleman.

Two Little Girls Smothered in a Trunk.

One of the most awful calamities ever corded is that of the death of the two daughters of Mrs. Amelia Moench, first assistant teacher in German in the Franklin school, by being suffocated in a trunk. The little girls have for a year past been with their father on a farm four miles from Dixon, Mo. 138 miles from St. Louis. Mrs. Moench spends her vacations on the farm, and was prepared to go to her husband and children immedi ately upon the close of school. On Sunday evening she received the following telegram from a friend living in Dixon:

"On returning home last evening Mr. Moench found both little girls dead in a trunk I am going out to see. NED C. F. WALTER." Mr. Moench had gone to Dixon on Saturday and his little girls called cheerfully after him to hurry back, and if he wrote to their mamma to send their love. On his return he was surprised not to see them awaiting him. He called but received no answer. He went into the house and saw the tray of the trunk setting on the floor. A horrible fear flashed on his mind. He opened the trunk and found the two little girls; the younger, who was underneath, was evidently past all hope, but the elder was still warm and limp. Not a neighbor was within half a mile. The father dashed cold water on the children, then rubbed them with vinegar, and made every effort to restore animation, laboring until after 12 o'clock, but in vain. He then gave up in despair, and went to seek help from a neighbor. The distance from the railroad station and telegraph caused the delay by which Mrs. Moench was prevented from even seeing her little daugh-

ters before their burial. Their ages were eight and five years. It was learned that the little girls were in the habit of playing hide and seek, and had often hid in the trunk separately. It had been their habit to hide when they saw their father returning home, in order to enjoy the sport of having him hunt them. The trunk had no spring lock, and why they were unable to raise the lid remains a mystery, and it is supposed the heat overcame them immediately Their faces gave no indication that they struggled or suffered, being calm and smiling. The little girls were particularly bright, intelligent. healthy, and the circumstances of their death are such as to awaken a sympathizing pang in every parent's heart.—[St. Louis Dispatch June 4, to Cincinnati Inquirer.

Concerning Certain Mines. East Ledge" Crossman, grandfather of all bulls in the San Francisco stock market, re turned yesterday from a lightning trip to the Comstock. As he is looked up to and revered all over the country as the original discoverer and recognized authority on all matters per-taining to the "east ledge," whereon ore strikes have recently been made, his opinion of affairs at the front, at this critical juncture, will be eagerly sought for by all dealers. To satisfy this general desire for information the Post representative this morning corralled him and succeeded in squeezing out the fol lowing points on the instalment plan. We must first caution our readers, however, that Crossman is an inveterate bull, and believes from the bottom of his heart in appreciating "What is the outlook?"

"Good; Julia will be the first proposition.
The baby will be christened within ten days and will be known as the East bonanza.' "How about Savage?"
"On the eve of a development. The 1659

foot level east crosscut is still in low grade ore. The west cross-cut on the 2,000 foot leve has good ore indications. The 2,000 foot leve east crosscut will reach the ore body coming down from the 1,650 foot level within thirty days. The chances are favorable for a rich development. The water is under control and is now forty feet below the 2,100-foot level."

is now forty feet below the 2,100-foot level."

"What of Ophir?"

"Uncle Jimmy's pet will not disgrace his daddy. I noticed the winze sunk from the 1,500-foot level 105 feet, all in ore except the first eighteen feet, as the winze was started east of the ore body in porphyry. The ore body, following the formation of the foot wall dips east at an angle of forty five degrees. As the whole bottom of the vertical winze is in ore, it proves beyond a doubt an expansion of the ore body in depth and a change in the dip of the west wall. As depth is attained the assays improve, while the hardiness of the ore denotes permanency. Look out for fun and a big rise when this mine is thrown open to the public."

"Are there any other favorable features

"Are there any other favorable features

"Are there any other lavorable leatures along the lode?"

"Imperial and Alpha will be crosscuting soon on the 2,400 foot level, with more favorable prospects for the finding of an ore body than they have ever had."

"And the Sutro Tunnel?"

"The Sutro Tunnel is in ore. Good assays were obtained yesterday from rock taken from the face of the header. The 'east ledge' has been tapped."

THE LEADING NEWSPAPERS.

THE EVENING STAR. THE WEEKLY STAR.

The proprietors of THE STAR present to the public its daily and weekly editions, respectively, as not only the completest and best, but also the cheapest epitome of events occurring at the national capital, and of general news as well, to be found anywhere. How well the public understands this is conclusively shown by the exceptionally wide circulation they both enjoy, not in the City of Washington alone, but throughout all the States and Ter-

ritories. In order that the reader not now familiar with the paper and its strong hold on the public may understand at a glance upon what elements its great popularity is based, the opinions of some of its contemporaries as to its merits are appended. It is needless to add that no person is so good a judge of the value of any given newspaper as the men who con duct newspapers themselves.

What Other Papers Say About The Star.

Decidedly one of the best newspapers published in the United States; has nothing in common with the rabid partisan press, with which our country is at this time unfortunately overstocked. A spirit of frankness, candor and fair dealing gives charac-ter to its articles and adds much to its dignity and value. As a compendium of the current events of the day, it is without a rival.—Newbernian (N.C). Has fairly earned its present prosperity by its energy in obtaining news and the ability which it has shown in the treatment of all current topics. Its solid merits are sufficiently testified to by the fact that it occupies so prominent a place in Washington journalism. It improves as its years increase, and Washington would hardly be Washington without it.—Baltimore American.

Now the oldest paper in Washington city, and one of the most valuable, as a living picture of metropolitan and Congressional life; has earned continuous and prosperous existence by sagacious observance of popular sentiment and popular wants, outliving all its original compeers who were less shrewd, less capable, and less enterprising.—Hills-boro' (N.C.) Recorder.

One of the most interesting and best edited papers in the country; gives all the latest and very freshest news of Congress and Washington city; is a most anxiously looked for paper by everybody; should be in the hands of every public man and citizen anxious for reliable information from the capital of our nation.—Parkersburg (W. Va.) Times. Everywhere recognized as the leading newspaper

of Washington, as it is decidedly the most newsy, racy and readable. Its weekly edition is a complete newspaper, and is unsurpassed in variety and completeness of news by any paper in the United States. - Gallatin (Tenn.) Examiner. Comes as near to being an independent paper a is possible; the journal of no party, but essentially the organ of the District of Columbia, and as such

has made itself the favorite Washington newspaper, necessary to everybody in the capital, -Sah Lake (Utah) Herald. The one conspicuous success of Washington journalism; under the able management of its present proprietors more prosperous than ever before; a good newspaper in its own field; minds its own

asiress diligently, and makes money by it. -N. Y. Tribune. The leading paper of Washington, and one of the most profitable in the country; under its present management it is ably edited and always bright and newsy .- Indianapolis Journal. A newspaper that can thrive where two hundred and sixteen journals have failed since 1790, does not

need a certificate of good character from its co temporaries. - Baltimore Gazette. One of the neatest printed and most readable papers that comes to our table. The low subscription price places it within the reach of every family. — Warrenton (Va.) Free Index. A splendid newspaper; filled with everything of interest from the capital of the nation; so cheap that every household in the country can have it. Brownsville (Tenn.) Bee.

An energetic, careful, public-spirited journal ever alive to supplying accurate news and presenting columns acceptable to the family circle.—Frederick (Md.) Examiner. One of the best papers published in Washington

city; we advise all our friends wishing the latest news from the national capital to subscribe for it, Surry (N. C.) Visitor. Full of good things, valuable and interesting and we hope that its present proprietors will live to celebrate its half century anniversary .- Washing The ablest and best conducted paper of the capi-al, always presenting the very latest news in a

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